Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord. *Exit.*

Ro. No matter get thee gone,
And hyre those horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets see for meanes, O mischiefe thou art swift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an Apothacarie,
And here abouts a dwells which late I noted,
In tattred weeds with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miserie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie shop a tortoyes hung,
An allegater stuft, and other skins,
Of ill shapte fishes, and about his shelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders and mustie seedes,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make vp a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
An if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Catiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needie man must sell it me.
As I remember this should be the house,
Being holy day, the beggers shop is shut.
What ho Appothecarie.
Appo. Who calls so lowd?
Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poore.
Hold, there is fortie duckets, let me haue
A dram of poyson, such soone speeding geare,
As will dispearse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be discharged of breath,
As violently, as hastie powder fierd

Doth

Doth hurry from the fatall Canon
Poti. Such mortall drugs I haue
Is death to any he that vtters them.
Ro. Art thou so bare and full of
And feerest to die, famine is in thy
Need and oppression starueth in th
Contempt and beggerie hangs vp
The world is not thy friend, nor th
The world affoords no law to mak
Then be not poore, but breake it a
Poti. My pouertie, but not my
Ro. I pray thy pouertie and not
Poti. Put this in any liquid thin
And drinke it off, and if you had th
Of twentie men, it would dispatch
Ro. There is thy Gold, worse poy
Doing more murther in this loathf
Then these poore cõpounds that th
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold m
Farewell, buy foode, and get thy se
Come Cordiall and not poyson, go
To *Iuliets* graue, for there must I v

Enter Frier Iohn *to Frier*
Ioh. Holy *Franciscan* Frier, brot
Enter Lawrence.
Law. This same should be the v
Welcome from *Mantua*, what say
Or if his minde be writ, giue me his
Ioh. Going to find a barefoote b
One of our order to associate me,
Here in this Citie visiting the sicke
And finding him, the Searchers of
Suspecting that we both were in a
Where the infectious pestilence d
Seald vp the doores, and would no
So that my speed to *Mantua* there